Poems

- Brian Edwards

The times
were different then
and we knew not
how it
would all change
so young
and full
of naive thinking
the cruel world
would send
most of us
into drinking
once we were
so eager
to get ahead
now we prefer
to stay in bed
so full
of naive thinking
were we
yet the cruel world
would hurl us
towards
much misery
for the cruel world
is an SOB
though sometimes
we still
raise a toast
and drink
to all
its futility

***

- 4/27/2026

Before the Sunrise
still my eyes
look for
morning stars
and ravens
of dawn
still I see
the silhouette
of mountains
in the clouds
still I hear
a symphony
from Andromeda
across
the starry vastness
my voice
reaches across
an infinite sea
and echoes
through a valley
of another world
at dawn

***

- 4/27/2026

Sense
the omens
cautiously
be still
for the stillness
itself
has yet
to sing
and when it does
O' thy mad kingdom
of the crab
and of the shell
be burdened not
by mercantile
drudgery
feel thy salvation
in the stillness
it is there
awaiting
the flame
of your imagination

***

- 4/27/2026

Chimney
offering
soot
to the twilight
a recollection
way back
a hundred years
and thirty-five more
upon metropolitan
rooftops
I beheld
a curvature
in time
gazing through
the glass
of the hourglass
the chimney soot
at twilight
is the source
to my connection
with memory

***

- 4/27/2026

The streets
awash
in morning light
opening
my eyes
to this world
and its plight
awake now
another day
in the world
where here
the streets
are awash
in morning light
solitude
brings me
little reprieve
I must go on
out there
and make
a few bucks
for the man
while I can
the hourglass
is never far
so it begins
all over again
listening to what
the journalist
have to say
recognizing
the late hour
in the
final counting
of things
I go onward
into the melee
out there
waiting
all while
the streets
are awash
in morning light

***

- 4/28/2026

Many lost chances
circling
like dry leaves
in Autumn wind
I follow
my own
line of sight
relative north
entwined
like barbed wire
with true north
I'll travel on
until I reach
those fields
of ice

***

- 4/28/2026

By night
the candle flickers
by night
the lighthouse
shines
by night
the sailors
drink
under the stars
their bottles
of good
Greek wine

***

- 4/28/2026

Your song
is an
immortal song
my song
is a disturbance
of sound
deliver me
from my own
afflictions
shall we
go down
to the beach
where witches
meet
that they may
speak to us
of Scottish thanes
yet to be named
by a king

***

- 4/28/2026

I shall follow
the light
of the blue star
I shall follow
the blue star
across
the threshold
of a dream
I shall wander
across
the tundra
of a dream
following
the blue star
and the kingdom
of its
shining light

***

- 4/28/2026

Give thy wishes
original and true
to the serpent
that dwells
beyond the forest
of eternal Moonlight
give thy wishes
to that serpent
with eyes
that are like dawn
upon the deserts
of Venus

***

- 4/28/2026

Bring me
nothing
a true nothing
a sacred
mystified
enlightened
nothing
bring me
a nothing
of the
Olympian gods
bring me
a nothing
of the
Babylonian gods
bring me
a nothing
that is
straight and clear
bring me
a nothing
that will
embody
the whole year
bring me
a nothing
of the
Byzantine plateau
bring me such
a splendid nothing
as down
the silk road
I go

***

- 4/28/2028

Bring us
your snake oil
we love
that snake oil
that you give us
we shall
follow you
to the precipice
in the desert
for we want
to possess
to obtain
graciously
that snake oil
it is our key
to the kingdom
it is our
lantern
in the dark
Mesopotamian night

***

- 4/28/2026

Silence
and fog
dawn
in the harbor
memories
of a thousand years
now glow
across the harbor
listen .... there
a ship's bell
sounding
a requiem
a thousand years
a thousand years
many memories
linger
in this harbor
and now
they are aglow
with the light
of celestial fire

***

- 4/29/2026

Ruled by
the machinery
of a mechanical
system
I have not
the hours
I would wish
to wander
fields and forest
to wander along
rushing streams
the machinery
calls to you
even when
you sleep
the machinery
is the machinery
of society
built by those
who love machinery
damn the machinery
I prefer
the field
the forest
the rushing stream

***

- 4/29/2026

Give us
the bread
we need
for our souls
be weary
in the twilight
and night
approaches
like
a door to door
salesman
give us
the bread
we need
we already
possess
enough starlight
for ourselves

***

- 4/29/2026

Those eerie
labyrinth paths
of the hydra's lair
let someone else
be the brave one
a knight's ambition
is not for me
I'll stay here
and smoke
my tobacco pipe
along the edge
of the sea

***

- 4/29/2026

So we sense it
there's something
amiss
so we sense it
a dragon's kiss
a gathering
of stone men
those who have seen
Medusa's eyes
so it is known
we have
sensed it
somewhere
in a cave
in the hills
in a cauldron
was seen
the demise
of the age
when words spoken
meant nothing
now they will
hold meaning
once again
like iron
that glows red
like a mighty river
that flows
words shall be
empowered
and celebrated
once again

***

- 4/29/2026

Never to be
a millionaire
never to be
a prince
never to be one
with a great
pair of shoes
never to be one
with a mind
for mathematic's
never to be
the prophet
of an age
never to be
a wiseman
or a sage
never to be
the one
with the
sharpest eye
never to be
like Icarus
falling
from the sky

***

- 4/29/2026

Each day
seems like
the same reflection
in the same
broken mirror
each day
I salt
a little more
of the Earth
out of spite
each evening
I walk under
the gaslight
counting
my blessings
counting
my nickels
and dimes
making sure
I have
my rabbit's foot
contemplating
celestial alignments
never asking
the big question
of why
each muse I find
is the
right muse for me
each easterly wind
I feel
guides me back
to the sea

***

- 4/29/2026

All of it
in a lost dream
of distant time
how I hear
the choirs
of Saturn
how I hear
the symphonies
of Europa
how I do behold
the threshold
of the night
of infinite
infinity
of starlight
from across
all creation
dreams and time
entwined
they are here
and the flowers
of the
nebula clouds
are in bloom
all of it
in a lost dream
now remembered

***

- 4/29/2026

I stumbled
upon
a castle
out in
the middle
of nowhere
upon its
flying buttress
many pigeons
were gathered
decorating
the cold
castle stone

***

- 4/29/2026

Upon a southerly
wind I'll sail
to follow
the great big whale
that haunts me
bestower
of madness
bestower
of haunting
madness
the great big
whale
I must follow
the great big
whale
I must find
upon
a southerly wind
let my
epic saga
begin and end
and the seas
be lovely
and calm
once again

***

- 4/30/2026

The tall grass
ablaze
in emerald fire
the woven
wicker baskets
full of corn
the ancient
medallion
of a more
mysterious time
yet no wine
there's no wine
to be found
around these parts

***

- 4/30/2026

Let us go
in search
of the discovery
that will
free us
from dreary
pointless repetition
let us go
find something
that will
make us feel
the energy
of the lightning
again
when the
grandfather clock
strikes its hour
let us
be out there
in the wind
in which
the ravens fly

***

- 4/30/2026

By night
some who believe
wish upon stars
others fall
fast asleep
tired from
their toil
others
drink
good whiskey
down at
Old Pete's Bar
seeking to forget
the passage
of time

***

- 4/30/2026

Blessed be
the lost ones
for they
are truly found
blessed be
the drunk ones
for they
have found
a way
around the grind
blessed be
the existentialist
the absurdist
the nihilist
for they have seen
some measure
of real truth
blessed be
the poets
with their pens
as the memory
of the world
will regard
them well
in the end

***

- 4/30/2026

Sparrow
of the
twilight hour
return
to thy nest
of dreary straw
sleep tonight
and await
the herald
of the dawn
then be about
your lovely
singing

***

- 5/1/2026

My day
at the job
was a bad one
most are
bad ones
seldom
are there
good ones
though
occasionally
there are
good ones
yet most
are bad ones
I could
go into detail why
yet polite society
would rather
have me lie
so I will lie
for the sake
of polite society

***

- 5/1/2026

They all
talk about
the roses
as they should
for it is
right to do
better to talk
about the roses
than the
jacked up
cost of living

***

- 5/1/2026

Nine minotaurs
were playing poker
at the giant
stone table
I tried
to sneak by them
quiet
as a mouse
yet my stomach
growled loudly
just then
woe is I
doomed
and still hungry
to the end

***

- 5/1/2026

So we dance
beneath
the starry tapestry
trying
to figure out
the mystery
of creation
though some
don't want
us to know
some wish things
kept all
under wraps
some have
false conviction
some are true
obedient
servants
of their ideology
some are
mercenaries
for that
paper money
yet many of us
just go on
and we continue
to dance
the starry tapestry
up there
looks very
enchanting
while we're dancing

***

- 5/1/2026

It is a season
of deadly vipers
for it is so
for it is so
lend me not
your ears
countrymen
I have no words
any longer
for it is so
I go forward
and I go back
mostly
I go in
neither direction
for it is so
the wind carries
the essence
of something
I wander
in the hope
of finding
solitude
for it is so

***

- 5/2/2026

See the serenity
behold it well
it is fading
from the world
as the prophecies
do tell
they tell us
what'll happen
they tell us
what'll be
somehow
they knew
back then
what'll eventually
unfold
as if the course
of time
were a long
papyrus scroll

***

- 5/2/2026

Here come
the valkyries
from high up
in the clouds
with shield
and sword
I am glad
to have seen them
it is something
I know
I will remember
as I lie here
in the tall grass
surrounded by
the passage
of time
flowing like
a river
flowing like
a stream
coming in
and going out
like a tide
in the sea
of a dream

***

- 5/2/2026

I hear
the sweet melody
in the
darkening land
the sand
of the desert
will consume
everything
we know
it does it
slowly
and methodically
and it will
consume it all
eventually
time and sand
operate
like wind
and rain
there is a purpose
behind
this natural order

***

- 5/2/2026

Most often
by the sea
I can forget
my woes
if I wish it
and most often
I do wish it
for who wishes
to remember
their woes
yes ... it is
much better
to forget them
by the edge
of the sea
if it worked
for me
perhaps it will
work for you to
give it a try

***

- 5/2/2026

A burning candle
in a dark place
let it brighten
all it can
while it can
the total darkness
will return
of that
there is
little doubt
so get
more candles
next time
don't cheap out
on bringing light
to the darkness

***

- 5/2/2026

Listening
to the ship's bell
as we set sail
this morning
for old Byzantium
places you
didn't know
still exist
exist somewhere
in someone's
imagination
or up there
in the sky
on a clear
starry night
in summer
Byzantium
is real to me
so is Atlantis
and El Dorado to
and the
Fountain of Youth
in the Everglades
it's somewhere
out there
in the Everglades

***

- 5/2/2026

So shall it all
glow like
a lantern
in the hour
of the raven
so shall it all
glow like
an immortal dawn
that never ends
a dawn
that never ends
sanctified
and surrounded
by the raven night
when serpent eyes
are glowing
when crimson stars
are glowing
when the dove
sleeps
and the raven flies
so shall it all
glow like a Sunrise
in Transylvania

***

- 5/2/2026

A candelabra
glowing
in a desert dream
what has happened
to the landscape
around here
industrialization
was once thought
the better way
yet here we are
when so much
dream-essence
has evaporated
and all
that is left
is a candelabra
glowing
its light
is like
Moonlight
reflected
in the Nile River

***

- 5/2/2026

I saw it once
I saw it twice
I saw it thrice
then I saw it
no more
that great
big door
to the starry heavens
up there
in the sky
beckoning me on
I saw it as
the muse
was speaking
I saw it as
the sphinx
was gazing
with emerald eyes
I saw it as
the river flowed
and the Northern Lights
were radiant
up above

***

- 5/3/2026